And comes not in, ouer-rulde by Prophecies,
I feare the power of *Percy* is too weake,
To wage an inſtant tryall with the King.
Sir M. Why, my good Lord, you need not feare,
There is *Dowglas*, and Lord *Mortimer*,
Arch. No, *Mortimer* is not there.
Sir M. But there is *Mordake*, *Vernon*, L. *Harry Percy*,
And there is my Lord of *Worceſter*, and a head
Of gallant warriours, noble Gentlemen.
Arch. And ſo there is, but yet the King hath drawne
The ſpeciall head of all the land together.
The *Prince of Wales*, Lord *Iohn of Lancaſter*,
The noble *Weſtmerland*, and warlike *Blunt*;
And many mo Coriuales, and deare men
Of eſtimation, and command in armes.
Sir M. Doubt not my Lord, he ſhalbe well oppos'd.
Arch. I hope no leſſe; yet, needfull t'is to feare,
And to preuent the worſt, *Sir Michell*, ſpeed:
For if Lord *Percy* thriue not ere the King
Diſmiſſe his power, he meanes to viſit vs,
For he hath heard of our confederacie;
And t'is but wiſedome to make ſtrong againſt him:
Therefore make haſte, I muſt goe write againe
To other friends, and ſo farewell, *Sir Michell*. *Exeunt.*

Enter the King, Prince of Wales, Lord Iohn of Lancaſter, Earle of Weſtmerland, ſir Walter Blunt, and Falſtaffe.

King. How bloodily the Sunne begins to peere,
Aboue yon buskie hill, the day lookes pale
At his diſtemperature.
Prince. The Southerne winde
Doth play the trumpet to his purpoſes,
And by hollow whiſtling in the leaues,
Foretels a tempeſt and a bluſtering day.
King. Then with the loſers let it ſimpathize,
For nothing can ſeeme foule to thoſe that winne.

The Trumpet ſounds. Enter Worceſter.

King. How now my Lord of *Worceſter*? t'is not well,
That you and I ſhould meet vpon ſuch tearmes,

As now we meete. You haue deceiude our truſt,
And made vs doffe our eaſie Robes of Peace,
To cruſh our old vneaſie lims in vngentle Steele:
This is not well, my Lord, this is not well.
What ſay you to it? will you againe vnknit
This churliſh knot of all abhorred warre?
And moue in that obedient orbe againe,
Where you did giue a faire and naturall light,
And be no more an exhal'd Meteor,
A prodigie of feare, and a portent
Of broched miſchiefe to the vnborne times?
Wor. Heare mee, my Liege:
For mine owne part, I could be well content
To entertaine the lag-end of my life
With quiet houres: For I proteſt,
I haue not ſought the day of this diſlike.
King. You haue not ſought it: how comes it then?
Falſ. Rebellion lay in his way, and he found it.
Prince. Peace, Chewet peace.
Wor. It pleaſde your Maieſty to turne your lookes
Of fauour, from my ſelfe, and all our Houſe;
And yet I muſt remember you my Lord:
We were the firſt and deareſt of your friends,
For you, my Staffe of office did I breake,
In *Richards* time, and poſted day and night,
To meete you on the way, and kiſſe your hand,
When yet you were in place, and in account
Nothing ſo ſtrong and fortunate as I;
It was my ſelfe, my Brother, and his Sonne,
That brought you home, and boldly did out-date
The dauger of the time. You ſwore to vs,
And you did ſweare that Oath at *Dancaſter*,
That you did nothing of purpoſe gainſt the ſtate,
Nor claime no further, then your new falne right,
The ſeate of *Gant*, Dukedome of *Lancaſter*,
To this, we ſweare our ayde: but in ſhort ſpace
It raind downe Fortune ſhowring on your head,
And ſuch a floud of Greatneſſe fell on you.